

**The Barber's Pole**  
THE barber's pole originated when bleeding was practiced by barber-surgeons. To promote the spurting of blood from the incised vein the patient clasped. The red streak painted around the pole suggested its use.



# Magazine Page



**This Day in History**  
THIS is the anniversary of England's passage, in 1679, of the act of habeas corpus, by which persons under criminal charges were entitled to have their cases reviewed. The act was not applicable to civil charges.

# THE WILD GOOSE BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

## A Dramatic Story of a Devoted Husband Who Discovers His Wife is in Love With Another Man

This story has been made into a motion picture by Cosmopolitan Productions under the masterly direction of Albert Capellani and is released as a Paramount picture.

**By Gouverneur Morris**  
Author of "His Daughter," "When My Ship Comes In," "The Seven Darlings," and Other Notable Fiction.

**CHAPTER I.**  
FRANCIS MANNERS woke up one morning with the feeling that he was a long way from home, and that he had been away a long time, and that he ought not to stay away any longer. "Ought" is a strong feeling; and there was no reason which he knew of to justify it.

He had gone to bed with the feeling that he could not finish his work in California before the middle of April; and he had waked the next morning—a blustery one near the end of February—with the feeling that he ought to go home at once.

This, however, was impracticable. In order to pay his most pressing obligations he had undertaken in a moment (which he now felt to have been a dark one) to fresco the dining room walls of Mrs. Cooper Appleyard's new house, and he had still to make the preliminary sketch for the end with the two doors. And this sketch, of course, had to be made among the surroundings from which it was to draw its inspiration. Mrs. Cooper Appleyard's new house was to be Californian inside and out.

With the thought that he could perhaps get the sketch finished by April Fool's Day, he turned on the cold water in his bathtub and began to shave. While he was shaving he told himself that he really ought to go home at once.

The inside of his bathroom door

was one sheet of looking-glass; and when he had finished shaving his right cheek he consulted this to see if he was developing a stomach. His wife had once told him laughingly that she would never forgive him if he did, and, as she had a laughing way of saying things that she really meant, sooner than go back to her looking as if he had swallowed a melon Manners would have taken drastic measures.

He observed with satisfaction that his contours were still those of a young man, and that the gray hairs above his temples were still so few as to be enumerable.

He freshened the lather on the left side of his face and finished shaving. Then he got into the very cold water which he had been drawing, and sat down with a gasp of real pain. He had the idea that disagreeable things were good for him; but there was little danger that he would ever become perfect through overindulgence in them.

He preferred that mediocrity which distinguishes those who habitually pursue the agreeable; agreeable foods, drinks, surroundings, temperatures, people. If there had been nothing agreeable about cold-baths he would have taken them hot. But the real pleasure of getting out of one more than made up for the pain of getting in.

And, passing from tubs to triumphs, from the pleasures of the body to those of the soul, wiser men than Francis Manners have agreed that the way to heaven lies through purgatory.

During a few moments of violent friction he hadn't a care in the world, and then as he stood on one foot (occasionally hopping sideways or backward or forward to keep his balance) and drawing a black silk sock over the other, his serenity was once more disturbed by the



A tense scene from the great motion picture play "The Wild Goose." Diana Manners tells Frank Manners, her husband, that her heart is no longer his.

feeling that he really ought to go home.

He was subject to sudden intuitions, especially where his wife and daughter were concerned. That more often than not these turned out to be groundless did not alter his faith in them, or his wife's dread of them. In the past her husband's intuitions had more than once precipitated those difficult situations for which her own impulses had been responsible.

At the moment, so far as Francis Manners knew, all was serene between them. That is to say, as serene as things ever could be. For the husband had long since abandoned any real hope of that perfect marital serenity for which he had given the best that was in him to give, and to which he might have been thought, because of his great faithfulness in loving, to have acquired a title that was without law. He was forty years old, but he could look his wife in the eyes and say, truthfully: "My darling, I have loved you for almost a generation."

**An Undying Love.**  
The love which seemed as definite a part of Francis Manners' nature as his feeling for form and color was a victorious love. It had triumphed over such failures to ward it as would have doomed a

lesser love to an early death, and caused it perhaps to turn, thereafter, in its grave.

Of course he loved his wife in this way because he couldn't help it. He couldn't help it any more than he could help the shape of his ears; but he was human enough to take the kind of pride in it which should more definitely have been reserved for those accomplishments for which he was more or less responsible. To be proud of his eye for color would have been childish, since he had been born with it; to have been proud of the technique which enabled him to make good use of color would have

been sensible. He was proud of neither.

He was proud only of that faithfulness in loving which had cost him no effort whatsoever; and yet people spoke of him as a proud man. One thing is certain: Both in his love for Diana and in his aversion to cold water he was very human.

Manners was too great a swell by birth and achievement to care very much how his clothes were put on, and he dressed himself, as a rule, in something under seven minutes. But this morning he loitered about his room in various stages of dehabille and smoked a number of cigarettes.

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## FOR LOVE By Ruby M. Ayres

A ROMANCE OF A RICH GIRL'S STRANGE MARRIAGE.

**"RUINED!"** She echoed the word with a world of dismay and sympathy in her voice, but Philip heard with gratitude that there was nothing of the angry incredulity with which Kitty had received his news. He blundered on:

"It's unlucky speculation, I don't know the whole truth myself yet. It seems extraordinary that a fortune like the Guv'nor's can be lost in a few hours, so to speak. But there it is. We've got to leave the Highway House, unless—"

"He stopped—for the life of him he could not go on. "Oh, I am so sorry—so sorry," she said compassionately.

"She thought of the Winterdicks' pride, of the position they had held in the country, and she realized what a terrible blow this would be for them. "Oh, I think money is the most dreadful thing," she said passionately. "It never seems to make people happy when they have it, and yet when they lose it—"

"She turned her gray eyes to him in sweet sympathy. "And is this what you wanted to tell me?" she asked.

"Philip Winterdick drew a long breath; he felt as if he were about to take a plunge into icy water. "No," he said at last, desperately, "it isn't; at least—"

"Miss Dennison, I came here to ask you to marry me, but now—"

"He forced his eyes to her face, and for a moment there was absolute silence; then he rushed on: "Now, how can I—"

"—after what I've just told you—"

"He looked away from her, and for what seemed an eternity neither of them spoke. Then Eva said almost in a whisper:

"But—why need you what you have just told me—make—any—difference?"

"Why—why need it make any difference?" Philip Winterdick could not believe that he had heard right. He turned his head slowly and looked at the girl beside him, then the hot color flooded his face from chin to forehead. He stood still staring at her.

"You mean—"

"You don't want to marry me?" he stammered at last.

**NOT GOOD ENOUGH.**  
Her head was down, and he could not see her eyes, but he saw the little quivering smile that curved her lips as she said softly:

"Why, not, if—"

## MOTHERHOOD OUT OF DATE?

By Beatrice Fairfax.

An Authority on all the Problems of Love and Marriage.

**N**OWADAYS we're always reading about the neglectful mother. We hear a lot about the mothers of yesterday, who baked and sewed and managed the household and brought up the children and lived simple, retired and retiring lives. And then we're offered a sad contrast in descriptions of the mothers of today, jangling about and trying to look younger than their daughters.

There's something in both pictures—and not too much of truth in the contrast.

Motherhood always was and ever will be the one biggest, finest and most sacred expression of womanhood. None of the splendid careers to which womanhood today is dedicating itself can surpass the simple, normal career which nature first imposed on woman.

A passion of unselfish and selfless devotion—that's motherhood. Sweetness and warmth and generosity, coupled with an utter sacrifice of self—that's motherhood.

Let's not generalize about the woman of today and sneer because we read of so many who sacrifice their heritage of nobility for the pleasure of the moment. It's only the "different" thing that is news. Heroism seldom has a chance to express itself in the glowing fashion given to the mother of whom we just spoke. Generally its just the sacrifice and hum-drum round of every day.

Wearing a shabby suit that Besiege may have a new one, giving Johnny the last piece of apple pie, letting Molly "play lady" in mother's best hat—these are the simple ways motherhood still expresses itself today.

The woman who shoots her partner in evil, the thief who steals to deck herself gayly, the silly fool who marries three or four men and ruins them all don't express womanhood today. They express an ugly phase of it. But the mother who lives for her children and her home expresses the normal womanhood as it was in 1821—and is in 1921!

"What's he been saying to you, Bonnie?" he asked sharply.

Eva slipped an arm through his. "I was going to tell you first, anyway," she said, with happy shyness. "Peter, dear, he asked me to marry him."

Peter gasped. He stopped dead for a moment, staring at his sister. "And you what did you say?" he asked blankly.

"I said 'Yes,'" she told him. "Well, 'I've been dashed!" said Peter.

He put an arm around her with rough affection.

"I say I'm glad—if you are," he said. He bent and gave her a smacking kiss. "I say, I hope you'll be happy," he added lamely.

Eva returned his kiss heartily. "Yes—I'm sure of that."

## Stylish Paris Sport Coats



**P**ARIS is rather indefinite regarding the coat for country sports wear, except that whatever else it is, it must be unusual. And surely the two models above, worn one day at Longchamps, were designed to that end. A particularly beautiful Rodier fabric, of deep blue striped with gray, makes the short coat, at the left, and fluffy gray angora trims it. The coat broadens from top to bottom, both as to body and sleeves, and from its high crush collar a panel of the fabric hangs unattached. The gray tricot skirt is of the plain one-piece variety, distinguished by its shortness.

A full-length coat of hunter green Poiret twill seemingly started out with a slender silhouette, and then added to its skirt four godets composed of bands of beige and green embroidery. Its sleeves, also, have fullness introduced between elbow and wrist, which, instead of being gathered into the wristband, falls separately and is edged with pieces of the embroidery. The collar, also of the embroidery, finishes with a scarf end, which is thrown over the shoulder, and the coat, opening down the front, has no visible fastening.

For the very young person, organdie is appropriate. A little frock, hat to match is of peach color, embroidered with pale blue and peach. The gibbons beneath her chin and those fastening neck and sleeves are pale blue, and mere embroidered slits indicate her pockets.

## WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

By Ann Lisle.

Whose Present Serial Has Won a Nation-Wide Success.

**"B**ERTHA!" I gasped, "what are you doing here?"

"Do you know what Lyons is doing out there in the garage with a man he called 'Slim'?" Her reply startled me by its intensity.

"Not Slim Darrow! Please, Miss Harrison tell me it ain't Slim Darrow!" she gasped.

"Bertha," I said severely. "You must be honest with me. I've given Lyons his chance in the world—his chance to make good. I've trusted him and now see the use he's making of that trust!"

"What's he done?" interrupted Bertha, in a voice verging on the surly. "What's he done but entertain an old friend in the garage. Is it any good for a man to be trusted if it means spying on him like he was a thief?" she concluded under her breath.

"Bertha," I commanded, severely. "Kindly control yourself and show me a little more respect."

"Forgive me, Miss Harrison. But you know how it is with a woman when her man's in danger," she cried.

I smiled bitterly and nodded. "Didn't I know very well how it was?"

"And now this Slim Darrow," I said, forcing my tired mind to go on working. "You'll have to tell me why Slim Darrow frightens you so."

He's the one started Lyons doing second-story work," whimpered Bertha.

"His pal?" I asked.

"Yes, Slim was the 'one that always looked up the job and then my poor George would go in with him. Many's the time Slim landed him in stir. And now when George gets his chance from you and is going straight, Mack comes. Slim. He'll threaten my poor boy like he has before. He'll spill everything. And then Mr. Norreys will kick George out like others has done before, and he would have no job and no money and Slim will get him again."

"Bertha," I said, severely. "I'm going straight down to the garage and face those two men. I'll let Slim Darrow realize that Lyons has one friend who trusts him in spite of appearances, and in turn I'll expect Lyons to stand by my husband."

tattered as I rose.

"Your hands is hotter'n fire," cried Bertha from far away. "Did you go out after you had that hot toddy?"

## Motion Pictures of This Splendid Serial Will Be Shown Here Soon at the Leading Theaters

And during this period of procrastination he came to a number of decisions and admissions. But none of these was sufficient to shake the stability of the feeling with which he had waked.

### A Disturbing Jack.

Of course, if Diana was in a real difficulty of any kind she would telegraph him to come home. She would telegraph him, for instance, if their little daughter were seriously ill. But if, on the other hand, she was only in a half difficulty she would not telegraph.

He read over half a dozen of her short letters, selected at random, and covering the whole period of their three months' separation.

And he noted that her last letter of all, the one that he had received the day before, was dated Sunday.

In this fact there was, of course, nothing disturbing. What disturbed him was the knowledge that the letter had been written in town and not in the country.

He now gathered all her letters together and went through them with a view of finding out when they had been written and where. And although a number were not dated at all it was conclusively shown that a large majority, especially during the last two months, had been written in town. Three of these were dated Sunday.

It had been agreed between them that when he had to be away on business she would manage, much as the city amused her, to spend most of the week looking after their small daughter "Tam" in the country.

They shared the theory that one of them ought almost always be with Tam. They were firmly determined that Tam should not grow up spoiled and selfish, and if left too much to the indulgence of Diana's mother, Mrs. Langham, who lived

with them, some such corruption of a fine little character, was to be feared.

Diana, then, was neglecting Tam. Of course he ought to go home! Talk of intuition! But it was no thought of the neglected Tam, wrapped about his heart though she was, that made him suddenly experience a kind of anxious excitement. At the back of all his thoughts there was always the vague dread of what Diana might suddenly feel that she must do next.

In the last analysis, he sometimes thought, Diana's wishes and inclinations were her sole means of judging what was right and what was wrong. In this of course he did her injustice. The truth was that Diana's sense of right and wrong did not always control her conduct.

### Neglecting Tam.

What was Diana up to now? He would go home for a few days, just long enough to find out what was wrong, and to make it right if he could. Then he would come back to California and peacefully finish the sketches for Mrs. Appleyard's dining-room. The expense of the trip to a man who was trying very hard to be economical himself so that another might spend bothered him a little.

It would be hard to explain to Diana his sudden return to New York; especially it would be hard if her reasons for being so much away from Tam were merely the usual reasons: love of people, love of excitement, and a restless energy which only bodily activity could calm.

He could not in the present instance help suspecting that there must be a more specific reason. He rather thought that she must have taken a sudden fancy to some new "crowd" (almost a habit of hers), who in return (a habit of theirs) had taken an immense fancy to her. In such cases one party leads to another so naturally and pleasantly that all sense of time and proportion is easily lost sight of.

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(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

THEY CAN'T AGREE.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I love a young man whom I have been associated with since childhood, but we quarrel continually. I also admire another young man I have known about a year, and when I am in this man's company I always feel perfectly happy. We agree perfectly. Everybody advises me to give up the first young man, who is inclined to be rather shiftless, and who, by way, has asked me to run away with him. My parents say, knowing him so long, it is my duty to accept him. Could I be happy with the first young man, or do you think my feelings for him are due to my long association with him?

M. N.

Why should you marry a man with whom you cannot agree? There isn't much chance that you'll have a happy, contented home. The fact that the man is shiftless, and after all these years, is ready to

run away with you, suggests a lack of character and stability. The fact that you've known him so long doesn't count one way or the other for marriage. You have no right to keep him in doubt. The thing to do is to decide whether he's a habit—and a bad one. Then discover how much the peace and happiness you feel with the other man means to you. Is it love, or only a certain placid contentment?

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**The Woman Observer**  
A TRAGEDY.  
Scene—Lafayette Park.  
Characters—Two women sitting on a bench.  
The Woman walking through park on her way to lunch.  
Story (just as The Woman passed the occupied bench)—"I can't get over that—\$10.50 for a pair of white canvas low shoes—and they say prices are coming down!" said the one to the other.  
Neither does The Woman understand it.

**Prize Cake Recipes**  
OLD-FASHIONED GINGERBREAD.  
1/2 cup sugar.  
1 egg.  
1/4 cup molasses.  
1 1/2 cupful flour.  
1/4 cupful shortening.  
1 teaspoonful salt.  
2 teaspoonfuls ginger.  
1 teaspoonful cinnamon.  
1/2 teaspoonful powdered cloves.  
1/2 teaspoonful baking powder.  
Oven forty minutes.—Mrs. L. H. Nau, 708 Kenyon street northwest.

**NO MORE DANDRUFF**  
A leading hair dresser says she has found nothing as good as Parisian Sage to banish all dandruff and make the hair wavy, thick and lustrous. Peoples Drug Stores sell it on money back plan.

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